

In Memoriam.

TESTIMONIALS

TO THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

FRANCIS JACKSON.

“Friend of the Slave, and yet the friend of all ;
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when
The need of battling Freedom called for men
To plant the banner on the outer wall.”

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FUNERAL OF FRANCIS JACKSON, ESQ.*

ON Monday forenoon, November 18th, the residence of the late FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., in Hollis Street, Boston, was thronged by an admiring and sympathizing gathering of relatives, friends, neighbors, and fellow-citizens, (Music Hall could readily have been crowded with such, had an opportunity been given,) to pay the last sad tribute of affection and respect to his character and memory.

In reference to the funeral services, Mr. JACKSON left the following request, which, of course, was complied with to the letter : —

“At my decease and burial, I desire that forms and ceremonies may be avoided, and all emblems of mourning and processions to the grave. Such irrational and wasteful customs rest on fashion or superstition; certainly, not on reason or common sense. The dead body is of no more consequence than the old clothes that covered it. Nothing should be wasted on the dead, when there is so much ignorance and suffering among the living.”

Addresses were made by WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, and SAMUEL MAY, JR., in the following order.

REMARKS OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Such is my reverence for the memory of the redeemed and disenthralled spirit whose mortal remains lie before us, waiting for their interment—such my knowledge of the simplicity, integrity and grandeur of his character—that I feel I

* Mr. Jackson was born in Newton, (Mass.) March 7, 1789, and died in Boston, Nov. 14th, 1861, aged 72 years and 8 months.

must carefully measure my words on this occasion, lest, in the fulness of my feelings, I should seem to exceed the bounds of moderation, or overrun the time appropriate to these obsequies.

In itself considered, the present bereavement is marked by nothing peculiar; for, so populous has our world become, that, with every swing of the pendulum, a soul takes its exit therefrom, casting aside its earthly habiliments, and assuming an incorruptible body, in accordance with the conditions of immortal life. What has been the lot of the myriads who have gone before—what is, in due time, as surely to be the lot of all now living, and of all who are yet to dwell upon the earth—cannot, therefore, be other than an infinitely wise and beneficent arrangement, conducive to the welfare and advancement of all, and for the noblest purposes of creation.

Such was the view taken of this great change by our departed friend, who has now experienced it for himself. By evidence which to him was of a strongly demonstrative character, he joyfully recognized the truth of the affirmation—

“There is no death! What seems so is transition :
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.”

Hence, there was no doubt in his mind, no cloud upon his prospects; and he waited for “the inevitable hour” which should liberate his willing spirit, with rational and unfaltering trust, with philosophic serenity, with cheerful readiness, with Christian assurance. To quote his own pleasant words, in a private letter to a friend—“Heaven is all around us! So there is to be no separation between us. I am for both spheres, and all the spheres, ‘however bounded.’ In whatever sphere, we shall together sing that good old Methodist hymn—in substance:—

‘When we’ve been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We’ve no less days to sing God’s praise
Than when we first begun.’”

There is, then, no darkness here, nothing but light supernatural; no sting of death, but death swallowed up in victory. Nevertheless, human nature is not stony insensibility. Re-

grets at the separation, tears of affection, emotions of sorrow for our own temporary loss, these are not incompatible with absolute trust and reverent acquiescence; for

“There is a tear for all who die,
A mourner o’er the humblest grave.”

Only let there be nothing morbid or superstitious in the treatment of an event like this; no gloomy meditation; no talk of a mysterious Providence; no sorrowing as do those who have no hope.

“Clay to clay, and dust to dust!
Let them mingle,—for they must!
Give to earth the earthly clod,
For the spirit’s fled to God.

Look aloft! The spirit’s risen;
Death cannot the soul imprison;
’Tis in heaven that spirits dwell,
Glorious, though invisible.”

And now, what shall I say of the life of our beloved and widely-honored friend, whose mortal hand we are never again to clasp, whose outward form we are soon to commit to the sheltering tomb? I feel restricted and oppressed for utterance between my desire to award him the high meed of praise he deserves as a husband, father, relative, friend, neighbor, citizen, cosmopolitan, philanthropist, reformer, and my consciousness of his modest estimate of himself, and his great repugnance to any laudation being made of his efforts to leave the world better than he found it. I seem to hear him saying—“Award to me nothing more than a conscientious desire and a ruling purpose to know myself; to be true to my convictions of duty; to be led in the right way; to increase in light and knowledge; to contribute something to the stock of human happiness by lessening the sum of human misery; to lead a manly life and set a manly example; to be with the right, at whatever odds or however forsaken; to be lifted above that ‘fear of man which bringeth a snare,’ my feet planted on the rock of eternal truth; to espouse the cause of the down-trodden and oppressed as my own; to uphold the democratic idea of human equality, without regard to sex or complexion, tribe or people; to show my abhorrence of caste in the most practical manner; to uproot priestcraft,

bigotry, a ceremonial religion, and every form of usurpation over the mind and conscience; to encourage freedom of speech and inquiry, in the spirit of the apostolic injunction, 'Prove all things, hold fast that which is good'; and to save and bless my native land, and through her the whole world, by inducing the abolition of her all-blighting and fearfully demoralizing slave system, by which she is shorn of her moral power, and made a proverb in all other lands. If I have been instrumental in the furtherance of any good work, or the success of any righteous enterprise, I have simply tried to do my duty; but spare me, even though now out of the body, the bestowal of any encomiums—for how could I have done less? Alas! that I was able to achieve so little!"

Though I am sure that I correctly interpret the feelings and wishes of our departed friend,—departed in one sense, and yet with us at this hour, I doubt not, for he "still lives,"—yet, admitting that no flesh can glory in the Divine Presence, and that no one can exceed the requirements of faith, hope, charity, I am persuaded that it is allowable to recognize extraordinary virtue and shining worth, both as a matter of justice, and as an incentive to the attainment of a similar moral elevation. How splendid the tribute paid by Jesus, when, assuming to be an outcast and felon as the representative of suffering humanity, he said to those who had succored and befriended him, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world"! Of course, they disclaimed having done any thing answering to this high award; otherwise, they would have shown themselves unworthy of it.

To FRANCIS JACKSON are singularly applicable the descriptive lines of Sir Henry Wotton:—

"How happy is he born or taught,
 Who serveth not another's will;
 Whose armor is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his highest skill:
 Whose passions not his masters are;
 Whose soul is still prepared for death;
 Not tied unto the world with care
 Of public fame or private breath:
 Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than goods to lend;
 And walks with man, from day to day,
 As with a brother and a friend."

And not less applicable are the lines of Whittier : —

“ Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man !
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace :
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still !
And while ‘ Lord, Lord ! ’ the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply *DOING GOOD*.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know its worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth ! ”

In the prime of manhood, he took an active part in the municipal affairs of this city, and, to some extent, in public life ; but, whether in the hall of legislation or in the council chamber, or as one of his country’s defenders at Fort Warren in the war of 1812–14, he was always characterized for the faithful performance of every trust, in the spirit of disinterested patriotism, as well as for remarkable solidity of judgment, a wise forecast, great circumspection and rare good sense, blended with equal courage, determination, and untiring perseverance.

Firmness of opinion and purpose was a conspicuous trait, because he did nothing impulsively, and had no self-seeking in view ; yet he was always ready to reëxamine the ground on which he stood, and if he saw that duty required him to advance, (for he never took a step backward,) he had no pride of consistency to deter him, but boldly went forward, rejoicing in progress.

His personal integrity was of the highest order. No one ever questioned his sincerity, or thought him capable of intimidation or faltering. He believed what he said, spoke with caution and deliberation, and proved his faith by his works. Economical in his habits on principle, he was liberal and unstinted in his hospitality, and munificent in the aggregate of his charities and contributions, especially in reference to the Anti-Slavery cause, to the promotion of which the last twenty-six years of his life were particularly consecrated. Other reformatory enterprises were also liberally aided by him. An early teetotaller, he was a steadfast friend of the

temperance cause, and maintained a consistent example of abstinence to the end. Regarding even the life of the criminal as sacred, and capital punishment as equally inexpedient and demoralizing, he gave his countenance and support to the movement for the abolition of the gallows in this Commonwealth, and in other parts of the country. In the cause of peace, in its most radical form, he took a growing interest; being deeply impressed by the moral sublimity of its doctrines and the martyr-heroism of its spirit. "At the first Woman's Rights Convention I attended, many years ago," he wrote to a friend, "Wendell Phillips said, in the course of his speech, that 'the movement was the greatest reform of the age.' I thought that an extravagant declaration. I did not then believe it. It served, however, to call my attention more earnestly to the subject. I soon became convinced that the declaration of my highly esteemed friend was true. I now believe that the movement for woman's rights is the most important reform of the age, and still more important for the ages to come. It includes man's rights in the truest sense, not only for this generation, but for all succeeding generations. I do not believe it possible for man to attain or enjoy his highest rights until woman gets hers. I do not see how it is possible to inaugurate a reform more world-wide or more just. I have always believed in the progress of the human race. In this reform, I see the way opening, broad and beautiful, towards the summit of human progress; but both sexes must travel it abreast, or it will never be reached."

Such was the strength of his conviction, such his emphasis of expression; for it was his nature to be thorough and complete in whatever he undertook, and, having once put his hands to the plough, not to look back, but to cut his furrows beam deep, and sow his seed broadcast.

In theology, he was on the liberal side, thinking more of character than of creeds, and judging men by their lives rather than by their professions. As a lover of fair play, and abhorring all religious persecution, he nobly stood by Theodore Parker, when it was first resolved by a chosen few that he should have an opportunity to be heard in Boston, in spite of the proscriptive efforts to prevent it. It was a struggle for religious freedom and independence against sectarian exclusiveness and dogmatism, and he could not be an indifferent

spectator. It was the presentation of the cross in a new shape, but it had for him no terrors.

Prior to this, animated by the same noble spirit, he gave a warm and generous support to his honored friend, Rev. John Pierpont, in the long protracted, hotly contested, and memorable struggle, on the part of a few wealthy and conservative parishioners, to oust him from the Hollis Street pulpit on account of his temperance and anti-slavery views.

In the veins of Mr. Jackson ran the best blood of the Revolution. His father, Timothy Jackson, Esq., at the age of eighteen, joined a company of "Minute Men," in Newton, raised in January, 1775, "who verified their claim to the name they assumed, on the morning of the Lexington fight, to the letter." He was a corporal in the company. On the morning of that ever-memorable day, he heard the signal guns which announced that the British troops were in motion. He went to the Captain's house at the break of day, and received orders to warn the company to meet upon their parade ground forthwith, which order he promptly executed on horseback, and before eight o'clock, the company were on the march to join their regiment at Watertown meeting-house, and from thence took their march for Lexington and Concord. They encountered Lord Percy's reserve at Concord, and continued to hang upon the flank and rear of the British troops until night-fall, receiving the thanks of Gen. Warren for their zeal and bravery. He subsequently participated in other battles, was captured, and suffered much by confinement in those floating hells called prison ships.

The love of liberty, therefore, seemed to be inborn in the person of our deceased friend. As soon as his attention was called to the subject of slavery, he became an avowed Abolitionist, with his customary zeal and courage. In the month of October, 1835, the memorable mob of so-called "gentlemen of property and standing" furiously assailed a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, convened at 46 Washington street, and caused its dispersion. Though hazarding his personal safety and property by the act, (such was the phrenzy of the times,) Mr. Jackson promptly and openly invited the ladies to hold a meeting in these very parlors; to which invitation more than a hundred of them responded, (among whom was the distinguished writer, HARRIET MARTI-

NEAU, of England,) and a thrilling occasion it proved. Grateful for such an overture in a crisis so perilous, the Rev. Samuel J. May, who was then the General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, was requested by the ladies to communicate their appreciation of it in a letter to Mr. Jackson, which elicited from the latter the following soul-stirring reply:—

“BOSTON, Nov. 25, 1835.

* * * “In tendering the anti-slavery ladies the use of my dwelling-house, Sir, I not only had in view their accommodation, but also, according to my humble measure, to recover and perpetuate the right of free discussion, which has been shamefully trampled on. A great principle has been assailed; one which lies at the very foundation of our republican institutions.

“If a large majority of this community choose to turn a deaf ear to the wrongs which are inflicted upon their countrymen in other portions of the land—if they are content to turn away from the sight of oppression, and ‘pass by on the other side’—so it must be. But when they undertake in any way to impair or annul my right to speak, write and publish upon any subject, and more especially upon enormities which are the common concern of every lover of his country and his kind, so it must not be—so it shall not be, if I, for one, can prevent it. Upon this great right, let us hold at all hazards. And should we, in its exercise, be driven from public halls to private dwellings, one house at least shall be consecrated to its preservation. And if, in defence of this sacred privilege, which man did not give me, and shall not (if I can help it) take from me, this roof and these walls shall be levelled to the earth, let them fall, if they must. They cannot crumble in a better cause. They will appear of very little value to me, after their owner shall have been whipt into silence.

“Mobs and gag-laws, and the other contrivances by which fraud or force would stifle inquiry, will not long work well in this community. They betray the essential rottenness of the cause they are meant to strengthen. These outrages are doing their work with the reflecting.

“Happily, one point seems already to be gaining universal assent, that slavery cannot long survive free discussion. Hence the efforts of the friends and apologists of slavery to break down this right. And hence the immense stake which the enemies of slavery hold, in behalf of freedom and mankind, in its preservation. The contest is, therefore, substantially between Liberty and Slavery.

“As Slavery cannot exist with free discussion, so neither can Liberty breathe without it. Losing this, we, too, shall be no longer freemen indeed, but little, if at all, superior to the millions we now seek to emancipate.

With the highest respect, your friend,

FRANCIS JACKSON.

“Rev. S. J. MAY, Cor. Sec. Mass. A. S. Society.”

Worthy to be printed in letters of gold, and handed down with Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence to the latest posterity! Worthy of Hampden and Sydney, of Jay and Franklin, of Martin Luther and George Fox, of the Mayflower and Lexington, of the noblest patriots and the bravest heroes of any age or country! Now, happily, so altered is the state of public sentiment on the subject of slavery, it is impossible for those who have since come upon the stage of life to realize the moral grandeur and sublime, self-sacrificing spirit of an act like this—its immense service to the cause of freedom—the imminent danger that attended it, (such was “the madness of the hour,”) for the probability was that this consecrated dwelling would be levelled to the ground by a demonized mob, and its owner subjected to personal outrage. The whole country was in such an inflammatory state, at that time, that the uncompromising advocate of emancipation, like an apostle of old, could speak of being “in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren.” But that “reign of terror” has passed away—the spirit of freedom is abroad in the land, with great majesty and power—and there is cheering evidence that the demonic slaveholding spirit which has so long and so brutally held sway will speedily be cast out, to the redemption of us all, and the joy of heaven and earth.

As another illustration of his scrupulous regard to his conscientious convictions—Mr. Jackson resigned his commission as a Justice of the Peace, in a letter written July 4th, 1844, addressed to His Excellency George N. Briggs, in which, objecting to the Constitution of the United States as “containing provisions calculated and intended to foster, cherish, uphold and perpetuate slavery,” he expressed his belief that it would be morally wrong for him any longer to support it—adding, “I am not in this matter constituting myself a judge of others. I do not say that no honest man can take such an oath, and abide by it. I only say that *I* would not now deliberately take it; and that, having inconsiderately taken it, I can no longer suffer it to lie upon my soul. The burdens that the Constitution lays upon me, while it is held up by others, I shall endeavor to bear patiently, yet acting with reference to a higher law, and distinctly declaring that, while I

retain my own liberty, I will be a party to no compact which helps to rob any other man of his."

Such personal integrity is, alas! rarely to be found in history. It breathes of that spirit which of old exclaimed, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye"; and of that kindred spirit which asked, "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial?" Whether that step was really called for or not, all must admire the conscientiousness which prompted it.

So it was with our honored friend in all things. Desiring neither conspicuity nor notoriety, he was, nevertheless, ever ready to "stand in the gap" when gap-men were wanting, and to brave all obloquy in the cause of unpopular truth. Like Niagara or Mount Washington, his character impresses us the more deeply, the more it is contemplated. Symmetrical, massive, grand, it challenges admiration, it excites wonder, it prompts to high aims, it is a model for imitation.

Farewell! truest of friends, safest of counsellors, bravest of heroes, noblest of exemplars!

Farewell! shelterer and defender of the hunted fugitive slave, foe of oppression, lover of justice, friend of humanity!

Farewell! veteran in years, crowned with the glories of a philanthropic life, and the honors of a spotless career!

Hail, ascended spirit, no longer held by the trammels of earth! Lead us onward and upward in the path of everlasting progress, and inspire us with thy unfaltering trust in the truth and the right, whatever may be the trial, or however heavy may be the cross!

REMARKS OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Let me, friends, add a word, however needless it may seem, to what Mr. Garrison has told us. Here lies the body of one of whom it may be justly said, he was the best fruit of New England institutions. If we had been set to choose a specimen of what the best New England ideas and training could do, there are few men we should have selected before him.

Broad views, long foresight, tireless industry, great force, serene faith in principles, parent of constant effort to reduce them to practice—contempt of mere wealth, that led him in middle life to give up getting, and devote his whole strength to ideas and the welfare of the race: entirely unselfish, perfectly just; thrifty, that he might have to give—fearing not the face of man—tolerant of other men's doubts and fears—tender and loving—are not these the traits that have given us the inheritance we value? None will deny they were eminently his.

My only hesitation in describing him is lest I be thought to flatter. What men have themselves seen, they believe; all further is set down to the blind partiality of friendship. Few have been privileged to know men like Francis Jackson. To such men, in fulness of years, there is no death. There seems no place for tears here. Our friend has only laid down this body, the worn tool God lent him, and passed on to nearer service and a higher sphere. He had fought a good fight, and certainly *finished* his work here.

We have known him so long, looked up to him for so many years, trusted his judgment, leaned on his friendship, counted on his strength so constantly, that, like the child losing a parent, we seem left without some wonted shelter under the high, cold heaven—something we nestled under is gone.

I said he was all that our institutions ought to breed—yes, having regard to his plans and purpose of life, he was one of the most thoroughly educated men I ever knew. All he professed and needed to know, he knew thoroughly. Though enjoying but scanty opportunities of education in early life, he was thoroughly dowered by patient training, carefully gathered information, and most mature thought: he was in every sense a wise man. And wise men valued him. My friend, Mr. Garrison, has quoted Theodore Parker. All of you who knew Theodore Parker intimately, will recollect that when he wished to illustrate cool courage, indomitable perseverance, sound sense, rare practical ability, utter disinterestedness, and spotless integrity, he named Francis Jackson; and when in moments of difficulty he needed such qualities in a stanch friend, he found them in Francis Jackson.

Every character has some pervading quality, some keynote; our friend's, I think, was decision, serene self-reliance

and perseverance. He was the kind of man you involuntarily called to mind when men spoke of "*one*, on God's side, being a majority." Such a *one* sufficed to outweigh masses, and outlive the opposition of long years. Francis Jackson's will did not seem a mere human will or purpose—it reminded you of some law or force of nature—like gravity or the weight of the globe—hopeless to resist it. I cannot describe it better than by quoting some sentences of John Foster's sketch of Howard—you will see how closely they fit our friend. —

"The energy of his determination was so great, that if instead of being habitual, it had been shown only for a short time on particular occasions, it would have appeared a vehement impetuosity; but by being uninterrupted, it had an equability of manner which scarcely appeared to exceed the tone of a calm constancy, it was so totally the reverse of any thing like turbulence or agitation. It was the calmness of an intensity kept uniform by the nature of the human mind forbidding it to be more, and by the character of the individual forbidding it to be less." * * * * *

"The moment of finishing his plans in deliberation, and commencing them in action, was the same. I wonder what must have been the amount of that bribe in emolument or pleasure, that would have detained him a week after their final adjustment. The law which carries water down a declivity was not more unconquerable and invariable than the determination of his feelings towards the main object. * * * There was an inconceivable severity of conviction, that he had *one thing to do*, and that he who would do some great thing in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity. * * *

"As his method referred every thing he did and thought to the same end, and his exertion did not relax for a moment, he made the trial, so seldom made, what is the utmost effect which may be granted to the last possible efforts of a human agent: and therefore what he did not accomplish, he might conclude to be placed beyond the sphere of mortal activity, and calmly leave to the immediate disposal of Omnipotence."

Add to this quality of decision his other trait,—tireless activity,—and it explains his life. Indeed, he needs no words of ours: "his own right hand has carved his epitaph." As Mr. Garrison has told us, he withdrew long ago from office—stood outside of the political machine. But when History records the struggling birth of those changes and ideas which make our epoch and city famous, whose name will she put before his? And God has graciously permitted

him to see of the labor of his hands. These walls said to the wave that beat down all law and authority in Boston in 1835, "Thus far; no further." That word of rebuke was the first faint sighing of the tempest that now sweeps over the continent, "scourging before it the lazy elements, which had long stagnated into pestilence." Some men would say he flung away the honors of life. No; who has reaped so many? The roar of the streets, the petty inefficiency of mayors, never turned him one hair's breadth from his path, or balked him of his purpose. Brave, calm, tirelessly at work, he outlived Mayors and Governors—the mere drift-wood of this Niagara,—and wrote his will on the Statute-Books of States.

Three years ago, he brought me five thousand dollars, to be used in securing the rights of women. The only charge he laid on me was, to keep the name of the donor secret, until what has now happened, his death. Already that fund has essentially changed the Statute-Book of the Empire State, altered materially the laws of two other Commonwealths, and planted the seed of radical reform in the young sovereignty of Kansas. This unseen hand moved the lever which, afar off, lifts the burdens of one-half of the people of great States. And you all know how every man, friend or foe, confidently expected to see his calm brow on every platform which advocated a humane and an unpopular idea. I remember, years ago, at the very first meeting ever held in this city to abolish the use of the whip in the navy, a timidly conservative merchant refused to attend, saying, "Why, I know whom I shall see there—just Francis Jackson, of course, and his set."

But he was not only a Reformer, nor wholly absorbed in what narrow men call useful. Our broad city avenue to Roxbury is half hid by noble trees, because, thirty years ago, he, a member of the City Government, saw to it, unaided at first, that they were planted. And he found time to save for history a sketch of his native town—a volume the result of great labor, and which ranks among the best of our town histories.

Rarest of all, this pitiless toiler in constant work, this tremendous energy of purpose, was wholly unsavored with arrogance. He was eminently tolerant. It was not only that his perfect justice made allowance,—no, his ready sympathy helped to give fair, full weight to all that should ex-

cuse or make us patient with others. Indeed, his was that very, *very* rare mixture,—iron will and a woman's tenderness,—so seldom found in our race. Those who saw him only at work, little knew how keenly he felt, and how highly he valued, the kind words and tender messages of those he loved. He not only served the needy and the fugitive slave, but his genial sympathy was as precious a gift as the shelter of this roof or the liberal alms he was sure to bestow. Some men are only modest from indifference, and the energy of some is only ambition in a mask. Mr. Jackson's modesty had no taint of indolence; his enterprise was no cloak for ambition.

Highest of all, he was emphatically an honest man, in the full, sublime sense of those common words. "Boston," as the *Tribune* says, "has lost her honestest man." If I speak again of the opposition he encountered, it is not because he cared for it. He took fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks—with a serene indifference. But it is just to him to consider that malignant opposition in another light. The pitiless storm of public hate beat upon him for thirty years. Malice—personal, political, religious—watched his every act, dogged his every step, and yet no breath of suspicion ever touched his character. Out of that ordeal he comes, with no smell of fire on his garments: the boldest malice never gathered courage to invent an accusation. Son, brother, husband, father, neighbor, friend, reformer, in private life, in business, or holding office, no man ever suspected him of any thing but the bravery of holding opinions which all hated, none could confute, and of acting them out at the risk of property and life, and the actual sacrifice of all common men love. How few have such an epitaph! We who knew him, when we read of Hampden resisting ship money, or Sidney going to the block, feel that we have walked and lived with their fellow. Scholars watched him, and thought of Plutarch. Narrow sectarians scrutinized him, and wondered how one lacking their shibboleth wore, so naturally, graces they only prayed for. Active, stanch friend, wise counsellor, liberal hand, serene worker, like the stars, "without haste, without rest!" Let us thank God for the sight, for the example. He would tell us to spare our words, saying he had only tried to use his powers honestly. His best praise is our

following his example, and each fearlessly obeying his own conscience, and doing, with his might, whatever his hand finds to do for his fellow-man. Let us so do him honor. And as the great Englishman said of his friend, "There's none to make his place good — let us go to the next best," so of thee, dear comrade and leader of many years, thy place is sacred forever to thy memory. We go to the next best, till God gives us to see thee once again, face to face.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr., General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, said : —

I will occupy one moment on this occasion to read an extract from a letter written by our friend FRANCIS JACKSON, which I hold in my hand. Last winter, when he was so ill, he desired and purposed to resign the offices which he held, of Treasurer in one Anti-Slavery Society and President of the other. He felt that he must resign those offices, for his strength was not sufficient to warrant his retaining them. This letter was written by him, communicating that purpose. It is unnecessary to say, that the urgent entreaties of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society induced him to consent to remain the President of that Society, and he did retain that office, with the pledge that the active duties should be discharged by others; the other office he gave up, and he also resigned the office of Treasurer of the Vigilance Committee. But in regard to fugitive slaves, he says —

"I cannot withhold my aid from fugitive slaves, who for the last twelve or fifteen years have had much of my time and assistance. I cannot deny them, while I have any strength left. They and the millions they have left are my system of Theology, my Religion, my Atonement. I have helped to enslave them — my father helped; unknowingly, it may be, nevertheless, helped. I believe in this kind of Atonement; my reason accepts no other. I believe the slaves are God's chosen people."

The services here closed, and, after many a lingering look at the placid features of the deceased, on the part of those present, the company separated, and the mortal remains were taken to Newton for burial.

IN MEMORIAM.

I have just heard of the death of our dear and honored friend, FRANCIS JACKSON. It was not unexpected, for his physical strength had long been failing. The vital forces rallied wonderfully, from time to time, a constitution naturally strong being aided by the temperate habits of his life; but the friends who saw him often have felt, for months past, that he would not much longer remain visibly present among them. Yet, though the thought of separation had long been familiar, the tidings oppressed me with a sense of bereavement.

Thirty years ago, I realized that I was bound to the early, uncompromising Abolitionists in bonds stronger than any mere natural ties; and looking round upon what still remains of that noble and faithful band, I say in my soul, "Behold my brethren! For whosoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother." I said, what *remains* of the noble band. Alas! though I believe the departed are still working with us, I cannot feel otherwise than sad to see how rapidly the tried and true are falling around me. There is something of melancholy in the reaping of grain, though we know full well that there is within the gathered sheaves the germs of future life and harvests yet to come.

As the evening shadows lengthen on our earthly pilgrimage, separations become more and more frequent. Every circling of the seasons, within the last ten years, has left vacant the places of some whom I revered for the love and truth made manifest in their lives. All of us in Boston cherish the memory of dear CATHERINE SARGENT, whose unpretending goodness concealed itself in "life's shadiest coverts." Every Saturday, some poor widow in her neighborhood received a joint of meat for a comfortable Sunday's dinner; her fingers were always busy making garments for poor invalids; her purse was always ready to help the fugitive slave, or to sustain those who were pleading for him. Almost her last words were directions concerning garments for the poor, which failing strength compelled her to leave unfinished. But the world knew nothing of all this. It was

imperfectly known even to the few friends whom she cherished with unwearied kindness; for her spirit was at home in the Valley of Humility. She would have disclaimed, most sincerely, any power of penetration, yet few detected shams so easily, and "what within was good and true, she saw it with her heart." Her natural relations with the world brought her into frequent communication with the conservative and the worldly wise; but her honest soul recognized the presence of evil; whatsoever gloss might varnish its surface, and no fog of sophistry could obscure her perception of plain, simple truths. They told me that after death her aged countenance became youthful, and shone with a heavenly expression. I, who knew her intimately, did not wonder at this reflection of angelic radiance.

Then ELLIS GRAY LORING, in the ripeness of his years, with stores of intellectual acquisition garnered up for noble and beneficent uses, passed suddenly away from us. For more than a quarter of a century, he was always true to the cause of the slave, which he aided by wise counsels and liberal donations. His private relations were the *beau ideal* of love and friendship. He was always sincere, reliable, forgiving and affectionate. The bond between him and Francis Jackson was very strong. Their intellectual paths diverged widely, but each loved and honored perfect uprightness and truth in the other.

Next, the large-hearted, open-handed CHARLES F. HOVEY departed from us. He had no faith in much that is believed by the theological world, but he was always striving to obey those great principles of truth, justice and humanity, which constitute the essence of Deity. He took fatherly interest in the great numbers of people he employed. If a poor seamstress was absent from her accustomed seat on account of illness, he personally administered to her comfort, and ordered her wages to be continued till she was able to return to her work. He thoroughly believed in the brotherhood of mankind. Nothing pleased him more than to have his domestics at the same table with him. Had Christianity been as it was in the days of the twelve fishermen, he would undoubtedly have been a member of the community. As it was, he judged ecclesiastical shams somewhat severely, while he worshipped God in the form of love to his neighbor, and especi-

ally recognized as such those who had "fallen among thieves." In his reverence for principles, he was more religious than he knew of.

Then the mighty spirit of THEODORE PARKER dropped the earthly garment, which perpetual energetic use had worn out before its time. He wielded the hammer of Thor in our moral battle, while his great heart was filled with love for every little child.

Then was parted from our side that lovely and beloved companion, ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. At the very outset of our great struggle with despotism, she stood bravely by the side of her noble husband, and both laid unreservedly upon the altar of our unpopular cause all their uncommon powers of mind, all the sympathies of their great warm hearts. Allied by birth to wealth and conservatism, she kept alive her natural affections, without losing a ray of her spiritual life. To her latest hour, she remained steadfast and earnest in her advocacy of the Anti-Slavery cause. Amid the raging of mobs and the cold scorn of worldlings, she was always cheerful and strong, full of faith that right *must* prevail, and that it was a blessed privilege to work and suffer for that result. Always and everywhere she was "fervent in spirit, and spoke and taught diligently the things of the Lord." That soft white hair, and those large blue eyes, that looked out upon the world so honestly and lovingly, are before me now. It is a lovely vision; like an angel's face, surrounded by fleecy clouds.

Her dearly beloved sister, SUSAN CABOT, through all the long years, was her faithful helper in all good words and works. To her skilful fingers we owed many of the most beautiful and tasteful articles sold at our Fairs, and her natural vein of facetiousness enlivened us all, even in the darkest and most wearisome hours. By an argument clothed in a pun, she overcame my extreme reluctance to have my likeness engraved among a circle of Anti-Slavery women. She summed up the matter in her witty way by saying, "When a righteous cause is unpopular, it is a duty to give your countenance to it." Truly, these excellent and highly endowed sisters were "lovely in their lives," and it may almost be said that "in their deaths they were not divided." She dreaded the first anniversary of Mrs. Follen's departure, and

said she wished she could sleep through it. Before the day arrived, Death, the beneficent "brother of Sleep," laid his hand gently upon her eyelids, and she awoke no more to a sense of earthly sorrows.

I forget when we missed Mrs. REMOND from the band of the faithful; but well do I remember her intelligent remarks, her lady-like deportment, and that handsome brown face, with its lustrous dark eyes.

Lately, news reaches us that we have lost NATHAN WINSLOW, the unwavering friend of our principles, and a munificent patron in our early days, when liberal donations were scarce.

More recently still, a dear young spirit has crossed the dark river—LUCIA WESTON, whose image presents itself to my memory, in its youthful beauty, fresh as a rose in June. She was one of a pleasant band of talented and devoted sisters, who simultaneously laid upon the altar of universal freedom their rare endowments, moral and mental. To a cold taken in working for our Fairs she probably owed the disease which terminated her mortal life. Very pleasant and dear was she to all; ever to be remembered and blessed as a fragrant flower blooming on the rugged and toilsome pathway of reform.

And now there is hidden from our sight the countenance of FRANCIS JACKSON, on which sturdy honesty and practical good sense were so plainly written, that no passer by could mistake the inscription. When Boston "gentlemen of property and standing," in defence of King Cotton, mobbed a meeting of Anti-Slavery women, in 1835, the manly soul of Mr. Jackson was roused to outspoken indignation. In a memorable letter, he invited the persecuted friends of an unpopular cause to hold their meetings in his house, if the enlightened city of Boston could furnish them with no more convenient place of gathering. Some people reminded him that the same spirit which hurled brickbats at women was capable of demolishing his dwelling. He replied, "I shall place no value on my house, if free speech cannot be uttered there." From that period to the hour of his death, he was the indefatigable and generous friend of the Anti-Slavery reform, and of others kindred with it. It would not be easy to number the fugitive slaves he helped with his money and his counsel; and every friend of the slave found a welcome in

his hospitable mansion. He was more thoroughly a democrat than any man I ever knew. Of course, I do not call him so in the *party* sense of that term. The words Christian and Democrat have both been applied to such base purposes, that they have become "damaged phraseology," as Theodore Parker was wont to say. But democrat, in the good sense of the term, he was, most thoroughly. He was instinctively a friend and brother of the people, without reference to nation or complexion. By an ungentle occupation, he had industriously worked his way upward in the social scale. He became wealthy, and influential men trusted him greatly, on account of his sterling good sense and strict integrity. His brother William became a member of Congress, and bore himself bravely and honestly in the midst of that truckling, compromising body. Prosperity and honors never excited in Francis Jackson a thought of concealing that he and his family had been working men. He never obtruded it ostentatiously, as some people do, in proof of their own wonderful capabilities. He alluded to it, if the conversation naturally suggested it, or he forgot it, just as it happened. To him, it was simply a fact of no importance. The manner in which he habitually ignored mere artificial distinction would have seemed very absurd and undignified to self-conscious worldlings. I once met at his house an English traveller of considerable pretension, who was very desirous to have it known that he was acquainted with Lord Brougham. His conversations with that distinguished personage were aired upon every occasion for the benefit of listeners, and there was always a superabundant sprinkling of his title. "I said to his lordship, my lord, when I last had the honor of meeting your lordship, your lordship was pleased to remark," &c. It chanced that this lord-worshipper had been riding in the dust, and upon entering the house, he asked for water to wash. The domestic went up stairs to see that water and fresh towels were in readiness. Whether Mr. Jackson was aware of her mission, I never knew. Probably he was not. There was in the kitchen a sink used solely for personal bathing, and a clean, coarse roller was suspended above it. When the domestic returned to escort the gentleman to his room, she found him wiping his hands on the kitchen roller. What the English traveller might say to "my lord" about American customs, when he next "had the honor of conversing with his lord-

ship," never occurred to Mr. Jackson's mind, neither did he care to have him know that there were plenty of fine damask towels in his house. He forgot all about it, just as he might have forgotten if his guest had been a dusty fugitive slave. Ah! the honest, great soul! so strong in simplicity and truth! How I love and reverence his memory!

I saw him several times, during the months preceding his departure from this world. I always found him calm and collected, willing, nay, desirous to go. When I expressed a hope that he would recover, he replied, "You ought not to wish it. Why should I outlive my usefulness? My work here is done. Ellis Gray Loring, my brother William, Charles Hovey, Theodore Parker, and a host of other faithful friends, are waiting for me on the other side. I don't want to keep them waiting." When I said that the effects of his labors would remain long after he had left the world, he replied, "I hope so. As I sit here in my chamber, unable to move about, I have abundant time for reflection. The years of my life pass in review before me. I find much that I could mend with the light I now have, and some things I am ashamed of. Why, in my youth, I spent a deal of time and money in militia trainings! What foolish business *that* was! What I fall back upon as my greatest consolation, in these hours of retrospection, is what I have done for the slaves; and what I am most thankful for in my pilgrimage is the friendships I have formed with Abolitionists. They have increased my respect for human nature, and intercourse with them has made my soul larger and freer." When I saw him a few days before his death, he raised his pale, emaciated face, and looked at me earnestly, as he asked, "*Do* you believe this dreadful war will end in the emancipation of the slaves?" When I told him that I did think so, he answered, "I hope so; for I love my country, and no otherwise can it be saved." Freighted with that sublime hope, the soul of the just man went to his home above.

During the interval I have mentioned, we have lost many efficient helpers, who never belonged to our Society, but were always ready to give us sympathy and aid. To allude to them all would fill columns. Among those to whom I was personally attached, I most frequently remember Miss MARY OSGOOD, of Medford. She was well known as a lady of great learning, singularly racy conversation, and marked individu-

ality of character. It was exciting to come in contact with her immediately after some fresh compromise of principle by politicians. On such occasions, she obeyed the injunction of the most vigorous of our poets—

“Keep back no syllable of fire!
Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech!”

Her great contempt of insincerity, and shams of all sorts, produced a degree of bluntness, which to strangers seemed like roughness; but within the apparently hard shell there was a very soft kernel. She sympathized with suffering as earnestly as she battled with wrong. Religion, education, reform, all agencies that help on the progress of the human race, received from her most liberal and efficient aid; and when she died, all the poor in the town mourned for her, as for a sister.

Among these memories, I cannot pass by Mrs. ABBY B. FRANCIS, wife of Dr. FRANCIS, of Cambridge, whose name and influence were freely used in our cause. Physical debility and suffering crippled her energies for years, but she was always ready to use all the strength she had for the relief of the poor and the oppressed. She died when the lurid signs of civil war first began to appear on the political horizon. Her last intelligible words to the devoted daughter who was watching over her were, “O, Abby, what *will* become of the poor slaves?”

Can a cause that lies so deep in thinking minds and feeling hearts fail of its accomplishment? Assuredly not. To doubt its triumph would be to doubt that a just God rules over human affairs. The New York *Herald* exults over the fact that the Garrisonian Abolitionists are growing old and dying off. It apparently comforts itself with the idea that the pestilent heresy of our Declaration of Independence will pass away with them. Such a hope is unphilosophical and delusive. Those who work for conscience sake never work in vain. Scattered seeds of truth are never wasted. After the twelve apostles were persecuted unto death, the doctrines they preached became the religion of nations; and from the ashes of Huss and Wickliffe rose an army of Puritans, to whom England is mainly indebted for her civil and religious freedom.

L. MARIA CHILD.

TRIBUTES OF AFFECTION AND RESPECT.

On Sunday, Nov. 24, Rev. WM. R. ALGER delivered a discourse at the Music Hall, Boston, before the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society, on "Reform and Reformers," at the close of which he paid the following tribute to the memory of FRANCIS JACKSON:—

"With this sentence, I should have closed my discourse. But since you last met here, a member of your Society has been buried, who was so admirable a representative of what a Christian Reformer should be, and who was furthermore so honored and beloved by you, that I feel it would be a breach of decorum to let this meeting dissolve without at least some passing mention of him. After the touching and lofty tributes paid at his funeral by those whose intimate friendship, kindred spirit and allied services made them the fit eulogizers of his worth, I, a comparative stranger, shrink from the obtrusion of laying any formal offering on his grave. Yet one or two words I may say without impropriety, leaving the more tender and domestic aspects of his life unapproached in their sacredness.

"It was a luxury to us, it was a rare service to the community, to have before the public sight for half a century a man who, in every sterling virtue, in weight and height of character, towered above the degenerate times like an adamant Cato. He was so grounded in principles that you always knew where to find him; of such massive equipoise that you might always lean on him without the shadow of a misgiving. Most men are social vanes, showing which way the popular wind blows: he was rather a secluded magnet, steadily pointing to the eternal heights of heaven. Many even of our public teachers, veering to the dominant moods of the day, are like electrometers, that dance about with every disturbance of atmospheric equilibrium: he was steadfastly rooted in certain primary convictions, the fundamental truths of morality, and remained, through every shock of argument or odium, immovable as a granite mountain socketed to the centre. Such a character forms a remarkable landmark, to be looked up to with honor and gratitude.

"It was a beautiful trait in him, that he grew in grace and goodness to the last, becoming ever freer, broader, more charitable. His whole life was a criticism on himself, seeing where he fell short to-day, that he might remedy the defect to-morrow. A Christian reformer indeed, who began with himself, and thence worked abroad on the world. Thus, instead of keeping stationary or falling off, he improved. And surely, friends, this is the true success and victory of man over time and decay. For old age is a tragedy when it contracts and sours us, makes us crabbed, peevish, misanthropic: but old age is a blessing and a glory when it expands and sweetens our sympathies, deepens and elevates our wisdom, renders us genial and content, ripening and mellowing us for the skies. Then, like him, we may bid the years fly as fast as they will, since they shall leave us greater and better than they found us, and we have no fear of the future.

"Now I will intrude no further words of my own, but conclude with a citation, which may give you some conception of what your late Pastor would say, were he standing here to-day to speak of his prized and faithful parishioner. The second edition of the *Speeches and Addresses* of the first and last minister of this Society contains a dedication, written by him in Europe, while the sentence of death which he bore within him was hastening to its fulfilment. That dedication is in these words:—

"To FRANCIS JACKSON, the foe 'gainst every form of wrong; the friend of justice, whose wide humanity contends for woman's natural and unalienable right; against his nation's cruelty protects the slave; in the criminal beholds a brother to be reformed; goes to man fallen among thieves, whom priests and Levites sacramentally pass by, and seeks to soothe and heal and bless them that are ready to perish; with admiration for his unsurpassed integrity, his courage which nothing scares, and his true religion that would bring peace on earth, and good will to man, these volumes are thankfully dedicated by his minister and friend,

THEODORE PARKER."

"Let these graphic and characteristic words, which were an honest testimony to him when he was yet alive, stand as his just eulogy now that he is dead. The wintry sea rolls between their parted graves in Florence and New England. No ocean, either of space or time, sunders their friendly spirits, already met in heaven and eternity."

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, held on Tuesday forenoon, Nov. 19, the following Resolutions, presented by SAMUEL MAY, Jr., were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That, admonished as we have been, for several years past, by his failing health, that the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society must at no distant day lose the services of its beloved and respected President, FRANCIS JACKSON, yet, now that that event has occurred, and we have been compelled to say to him our last farewells on earth, we find the separation a very grievous one, and feel the loss to be exceeding heavy to our Society, to ourselves individually, and the great cause of Human Progress and Brotherhood, not only in this community, but throughout the land.

Resolved, That we deem it one of the highest honors which our Society has enjoyed or ever can enjoy, and one of the most signal proofs which it could possibly give to the world of the integrity and nobleness of its aims and purposes, that FRANCIS JACKSON was its active friend and steadfast supporter for upwards of a quarter of a century, and that he continued such even to the moment of his departure.

Resolved, That if we loved FRANCIS JACKSON as a personal friend, and valued him as a most efficient officer and fellow-laborer in the Anti-Slavery cause, we did not less respect and honor him as a Man, in whom no high and noble quality which dignifies and ennobles our nature was lacking; who, to great clearness of moral judgment, sense of duty and power of will, added a remarkable independence of popular opinion, and rare fearlessness in both speech and action, and combined with them all an habitual modesty and absence of self-esteem, which have made him, in our judgment, one of the best and truest men it has ever been our privilege to know.

Resolved, That in the many offices and duties of a public and private nature which have been laid upon him, in the discharge of the many and most responsible trusts which have been confided to his hands, no words can better describe his constant life and character than these—"Faithful Forever."

Resolved, That to his remaining family, with whom we have so long been associated in respect for their honored father, and in the promotion of works dear to his heart, we tender our most sincere and respectful sympathy in this hour, which, if one of temporary bereavement, is nevertheless full of the highest consolations and causes of gratitude.

RESOLUTIONS

ADOPTED BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN
ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The following Resolutions were unanimously adopted at a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held in Boston, Tuesday forenoon, Nov. 19:—

Resolved, That among the numerous bereavements which the Anti-Slavery cause has sustained since its inception in this country, no one has left a larger space of usefulness to be filled, or touched more loving hearts, or made a more profound impression, than that occasioned by the recent death of FRANCIS JACKSON, Esq., our honored and revered coadjutor, who has for so long a series of years so faithfully filled the office of Treasurer of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and been so constant and efficient an attendant at the deliberations of this Committee.

Resolved, That he deserves to be held in grateful remembrance as among the truest of patriots, the most unselfish of philanthropists, and the most radical of reformers; for the grand simplicity and rare integrity of his character; for the extent of his private charities and public benefactions, ministering to every variety of human wretchedness; for his early, long continued, generous and hearty espousal of the Abolition movement, as well as of other kindred enterprises; for the serenity and bravery of his spirit in the midst of all-abounding violence and universal proscription; for his life, (covering more than three score years and ten,) so admirable in all the relations of society, so distinguished for manly independence, moral worth and public spirit, so symmetrical and well-balanced, so earnest in its noble purposes, so thoroughly devoted to the cause of "liberty, equality, fraternity," in its highest significance and minutest application.

Resolved, That while it was not permitted him to see the fruition of his efforts and sacrifices, in the utter abolition of slavery, yet we rejoice to believe that, above the roar of cannon, the clash of arms, and the smoke of battle, he heard the song of jubilee and the shouts of redeemed millions, as a swiftly approaching consummation of that glorious struggle for universal emancipation in which he bore so important and conspicuous a part.

Voted, That the tenderest sympathies and highest consolations are proffered by this Committee to the surviving members of his family, and relatives, in view of their great bereavement.

DEATH OF FRANCIS JACKSON, ESQ. Boston has lost one of her most useful and esteemed citizens in the death of Francis Jackson, Esq., which took place at his residence in Hollis street, on Thursday morning last. He was born in Newton, March 7th, 1789, and was, consequently, in the 73d year of his age. The city owes much of its enlargement to his enterprise and perseverance, as the Tremont Road and the South Cove sufficiently testify. As early as 1835, he became warmly interested in the cause of the enslaved millions in our land, and has ever since been conspicuous in the ranks of the uncompromising Abolitionists; giving liberally of his substance to aid that cause, and to promote the success of kindred reformatory and beneficent enterprises. A man of eminent integrity and uprightness of character, he was firm in the execution of his purposes, and conscientiously adhered to his convictions of duty, at whatever cost.

He was for many years President of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and also Treasurer of the American A. S. Society; but, though deeply consecrated to the liberation of the oppressed, his benevolent interest extended to every form of distress, and multitudes have been succored and blest by his charities. However unpopular his anti-slavery opinions and position, he always commanded the highest respect for his solid character and sterling worth, and will long be remembered as among the many who have done honor to Boston and the Commonwealth.—*Boston Traveller*.

A GOOD MAN DEPARTED. We record this week the decease of one of the truest and wisest friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in all the land—one who gave himself without reserve to that cause for more than a quarter of a century, and who, by his noble qualities of head and heart, his wisdom in counsel and unshrinking boldness in action, won the admiration and the love of all his associates. The venerable and beloved FRANCIS JACKSON died at his residence in Boston, on Thursday morning, Nov. 14th, after a long and painful illness. It belongs to other pens and lips than ours to utter a fit eulogy of our departed friend.—*National Anti-Slavery Standard*.

☞ Francis Jackson, a well-known citizen of Boston, died in that city on Thursday morning. His death was sudden, at last, from an attack of acute disease, though he has been an invalid for several years. Mr. Jackson was best known to the public from his long and devoted adherence to the Anti-Slavery cause. When, nearly thirty years ago, the "broad-cloth" mob of Boston undertook to suppress all expression of anti-slavery sentiment by an attempt to hang Mr. Garrison, Mr. Jackson, from pure love of fair play and free speech, threw open his house to the devoted women whose meeting was the immediate cause of the mob. Since that day, his door has never been closed to those who suffered persecution, whether black or white, and especially has his home been a haven of refuge to those flying slaves whom neither man befriended nor the law protected; but though Mr. Jackson has been for so many years conspicuous among the advocates of more than one cause of reform, a very large circle has known him in quite other relations, where the tenderness of Christian sympathy and the generous openness of Christian charity were the qualities brought into action, rather than the sterner virtues of the reformer. Mr. Jackson was a natural democrat, who was literally no respecter of persons, and saw no difference between man and man, but who possessed that large pity for human suffering of every nature that was never appealed to in vain. Hunger and nakedness, whether of soul or of body, whether in the high or the low, found in him a ready helper, and his winning simplicity and kindliness, his wisdom and his benevolence, made him the centre of a circle who held him in such reverence and love as are given to not many men in a generation. While all Boston will bear testimony—in spite of the fact that she has pointed her finger at him so often on the anti-slavery platform—that her honestest man has died, there will be a deep and silent sorrow among very many people who will mourn a benefactor as wise and kind as he was unassuming.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LETTER FROM FRANCIS JACKSON, ESQ.,

RESIGNING HIS COMMISSION AS JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

BOSTON, 4th July, 1844.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE N. BRIGGS:

SIR — Many years since, I received from the Executive of the Commonwealth a commission as Justice of the Peace. I have held the office that it conferred upon me till the present time, and have found it a convenience to myself and others. It might continue to be so, could I consent longer to hold it. But paramount considerations forbid, and I herewith transmit to you my commission, respectfully asking you to accept my resignation.

While I deem it a duty to myself to take this step, I feel called on to state the reasons that influence me.

In entering upon the duties of the office in question, I complied with the requirements of the law, by taking an oath "*to support the Constitution of the United States.*" I regret that I ever took that oath. Had I then as maturely considered its full import, and the obligations under which it is understood and meant to lay those who take it, as I have done since, I certainly never would have taken it, seeing, as I now do, that the Constitution of the United States contains provisions calculated and intended to foster, cherish, uphold and perpetuate *slavery*. It pledges the country to guard and protect the slave system so long as the slaveholding States choose to retain it. It regards the slave code as lawful in the States which enact it. Still more, "it has done that, which, until its adoption, was never before done for African slavery. It took it out of its former category of municipal law and local life, adopted it as a national institution, spread around it the broad and sufficient shield of national law, and thus gave to slavery a national existence." Consequently, the oath to support the Constitution of the United States is a solemn promise to do that which is morally wrong; that which is a violation of the natural rights of man, and a sin in the sight of God.

I am not in this matter constituting myself a judge of others. I do not say that no honest man can take such an oath, and abide by it. I only say that *I* would not now de-

liberately take it; and that, having inconsiderately taken it, I can no longer suffer it to lie upon my soul. I take back the oath, and ask you, Sir, to receive back the commission, which was the occasion of my taking it. * * *

Passing by that clause of the Constitution which restricted Congress for twenty years from passing any law against the African slave trade, and which gave authority to raise a revenue on the stolen sons of Africa, I come to that part of the fourth article which guarantees protection against "*domestic violence*," which pledges to the South the military force of the country to protect the masters against their insurgent slaves, and binds us and our children to shoot down our fellow-countrymen who may rise, in emulation of our revolutionary fathers, to vindicate their inalienable "*right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness*:" this clause of the Constitution, I say distinctly, I never will support.

That part of the Constitution which provides for the surrender of fugitive slaves I never have supported, and never will. *I will join in no slave hunt. My door shall stand open, as it has long stood, for the panting and trembling victim of the slave-hunter. When I shut it against him, may God shut the door of his mercy against me!* Under this clause of the Constitution, and designed to carry it into effect, slavery has demanded that laws should be passed, and of such a character as have left the free citizen of the North without protection for his own liberty. The question, whether a man seized in a free State as a slave is a slave or not, the law of Congress does not allow a jury to determine, but refers it to the decision of a Judge of a United States Court, or even of the humblest State magistrate, it may be, upon the testimony or affidavit of the party most deeply interested to support the claim. By virtue of this law, freemen have been seized and dragged into perpetual slavery; and should I be seized by a slave-hunter in any part of the country where I am not personally known, neither the Constitution nor laws of the United States would shield me from the same destiny.

These, Sir, are the specific parts of the Constitution of the United States which, in my opinion, are essentially vicious—hostile at once to the liberty and to the morals of the nation. And these are the principal reasons of my refusal any longer to acknowledge my allegiance to it, and of my determination to revoke my oath to support it. I cannot, in order to keep

the law of man, break the law of God, or solemnly call him to witness my promise that I will break it.

It is true that the Constitution provides for its own amendment, and that by this process all the guarantees of slavery may be expunged. But it will be time enough to swear to support it when this is done. It cannot be right to do so until these amendments are made. * * * *

With all our veneration for our constitutional fathers, we must admit—for they have left on record their own confession of it—that in this part of their work, they *intended* to hold the shield of their protection over a wrong, knowing that it was a wrong. They made a “compromise” which they had no right to make—a compromise of moral principle for the sake of what they probably regarded as “political expediency.” I am sure they did not know—no man could know, or can now measure—the extent or the consequences of the wrong that they were doing. In the strong language of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,* in relation to the article fixing the basis of representation, “Little did the members of the Convention from the free States imagine or foresee what a sacrifice to Moloch was hidden under the mask of this concession.”

I verily believe that, giving all due consideration to the benefits conferred upon this nation by the Constitution,—its national unity, its swelling masses of wealth, its power, and the external prosperity of its multiplying millions,—yet the *moral* injury that has been done by the countenance shown to slavery—by holding over that tremendous sin the shield of the Constitution, and thus breaking down, in the eyes of the nation, the barrier between right and wrong; by so tenderly cherishing slavery as, in less than the life of a man, to multiply her children from half a million to nearly three millions; by exacting oaths from those who occupy prominent stations in society that they will violate at once the rights of man and the law of God; by substituting itself as a rule of right in place of the moral laws of the universe, thus in effect dethroning the Almighty in the hearts of this people, and setting up another sovereign in its stead—more than outweighs it all. A melancholy and monitory lesson this to all time-serving and temporizing statesmen!—a striking illustration of the *impolicy* of sacrificing *right* to any considerations of

*See his report on the Massachusetts Resolutions.

expediency! Yet what better than the evil effects that we have seen could the authors of the Constitution have reasonably expected from the sacrifice of right, in the concessions they made to slavery? Was it reasonable in them to expect that, after they had introduced a vicious element into the very Constitution of the body politic which they were calling into life, it would not exert its vicious energies? Was it reasonable in them to expect that, after slavery had been corrupting the public morals for a whole generation, their children would have too much virtue to *use* for the defence of slavery a power which they themselves had not too much virtue to *give*? It is dangerous for the sovereign power of a State to license immorality—to hold the shield of its protection over any thing that is not “legal in a moral view.” Bring into your house a benumbed viper, and lay it down upon your warm hearth, and soon it will not ask you into which room it may crawl. Let slavery once lean upon the supporting arm and bask in the fostering smile of the State, and you will soon see, as we now see, both her minions and her victims multiply apace, till the politics, the morals, the liberties, even the religion of the nation, are brought completely under her control.

To me it appears that the virus of slavery, introduced into the Constitution of our body politic by a few slight punctures, has now so pervaded and poisoned the whole system of our National Government, that literally there is no health in it. The only remedy that I can see for the disease is to be found in the *dissolution of the patient*.

The Constitution of the United States, both in theory and practice, is so utterly broken down by the influence and effects of slavery,—so imbecile for the highest good of the nation, and so powerful for evil,—that I can give no voluntary assistance in holding it up any longer.

Henceforth it is dead to me, and I to it. I withdraw all profession of allegiance to it, and all my voluntary efforts to sustain it. The burdens that it lays upon me, while it is held up by others, I shall endeavor to bear patiently, yet acting with reference to a higher law, and distinctly declaring that while I retain my own liberty, I will be a party to no compact which helps to rob any other man of his.

Very respectfully, your friend,

FRANCIS JACKSON.

WILL OF THE LATE FRANCIS JACKSON.

The Will of the late Francis Jackson, of this city, has been presented for probate. It is a lengthy document, and was signed on the 28th of January last. His brother, Edmund Jackson, is made executor of the Will.

He gives \$100 each to Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelley Foster, Charles C. Burleigh, Parker Pillsbury, Lucy Stone, Lydia Maria Child, Oliver Johnson, Charles Lenox Remond, Charles K. Whipple, and Robert F. Wallcut, "as a token of esteem for their fidelity to moral principle and their devotion to the cause of human freedom."

For a like reason, he gives to Wm. Lloyd Garrison the sum of \$4000, to be used in support of himself and wife, and the education of Francis J. Garrison at Harvard College, after he shall have left the public schools of Boston.

He appoints Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Edmund Quincy, Maria W. Chapman, Edmund Jackson, William I. Bowditch, Samuel May, Jr., and Charles K. Whipple, a Board of Trustees to receive funds designated in the Will to be used to create a public sentiment in favor of putting an end to negro slavery—leaving a bequest of \$10,000 in their hands for this purpose.

He constitutes Mr. Phillips as President, Mr. E. Jackson as Treasurer, and Mr. Whipple as Secretary of this Board.

He also gives to this Board \$2000, to be used in aid of fugitive slaves, and in this connection speaks as follows:—

"Disregarding the self-evident declaration of 1776, repeated in her own Constitution of 1780, that 'all men are born free and equal,' Massachusetts has since, in the face of those solemn declarations, deliberately entered into a conspiracy with other States, to aid in enslaving millions of innocent persons. I have long labored to help my native State out of her deep iniquity and her barefaced hypocrisy in this matter—I now enter my last protest against her inconsistency, her injustice and her cruelty toward an unoffending people. God save the fugitive slaves that escape to her borders, whatever may become of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!"

He appoints Wendell Phillips, Lucy Stone, and Susan B. Anthony, a Board of Trustees, and gives them \$5000, to be

used to secure the passage of laws granting women the right to vote, hold office, &c.

He says that he has given each of his three children eight thousand dollars heretofore. The balance of his estate is to be divided into three equal parts. The income of one part is to be given to a daughter and her children, and at their decease, the principal is to go to the Trustees having charge of the Woman's Rights Fund. The income of the other two thirds to his other children, and their children, and at their decease, the principal is to be given to the Trustees who have in charge the matter of creating a public sentiment in favor of the abolition of negro slavery.—*Boston Traveller*.

FAREWELL LINES.

"Servant of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A veteran, slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His spirit with a bound
Burst its encumbering clay,
His tent, at morning, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace."